

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

IRIS MURDOCH REVIEWS DE BEAUVOIR'S "THE MANDARINS"

THE *Nation*

JUNE 9, 1956

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Rising Power of Soviet Industry

by T. Balogh

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Letters

Vocal Poetry and Vocal Poets

Dear Sirs: Lawrence Lipton's Poetry and the Vocal Tradition in your April 14 issue, is a splendid, articulate and well-documented discussion of one of the most important—if not the most important—of critical questions today, the answer to which, on the part of the poets themselves, may well decide the future of poetry—not only what kind of future poetry we will have, but whether it will have a future at all.

LAWRENCE R. HOLMES
Editor, "The Poetry Public"
Chadron, Nebraska.

Dear Sirs: If we are to understand that "What distinguishes vocal poetry from both imagist and objectivist poetry is the free expression of emotions like pity and anger, and the fact that it voices opinions and ideas, often about such matters as war and social justice . . ." then we are to assume that at least this kind of poetry is itself a kind of drama. That may be. But poetry is not drama, rather it is a kind of formal statement about human experience. In an age which insists that art be presented as drama (in the bad sense of the word) or as a form of economic consumption (as opposed to the private act of cognition, through thought and judgment, and the values to be derived therefrom) we may be misled into an over-evaluation of the audible aspect of poetry. . . .

So it is that Mr. Lipton chooses to ignore these matters for a journalistic type of criticism, in which he takes a slap at the New Criticism (which generally insists that attention be directed toward the text) and to take the opportunity of hawking-forth an uninteresting commercial for the Activist Group.

ROBERT GREENWOOD
Editor, "Talisman"
San Jose, California.

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to your issue of April 14, in which Lawrence Lipton honors me with an attack. . . . [implying] that I have never made "half an effort" to understand "modern" poets. . . .

The assertion that I oppose "all radical poetry" is either an ignorant or a wilful misstatement. . . . The term "radical poetry" is ambiguous; it may apply to verse that is radical either

in subject-matter or in construction. If Mr. Lipton means the former, he obviously has not made "half an effort" to read my prose books, whose prevailing point of view is far from conservative; he has not consulted my long poem, "The Pageant of Man," whose position is likewise the reverse of conservative; he has not seen my many commendations of the poets of social criticism, from Shelley to Masefield. . . .

What I do oppose—and Mr. Lipton would know this if he had made "half an effort" to consult my books and numerous articles on the subject—is verse that is but thinly disguised prose sliced into convenient lengths, verse that is crude in construction and raucous in sound, verse that is deliberately and unnecessarily obscure, verse that is pretentious, affected and insincere. If any of the above represents Mr. Lipton's definition of "radical poetry," he is quite correct in saying that I do combat such poetry in a rear-guard action—and in a left-guard action and a frontal attack and every other form of assault.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ
Editor of "Wings"
Mill Valley, California.

Mr. Lipton's Answer

Dear Sirs: Poetry is all the things Mr. Greenwood says it is and is not, including drama, which he excludes, and a lot more. All I was concerned with was to show what sort of poetry is in the vocal tradition and what is not. Much of what is touched by the New Criticism is book culture and stands, in the particulars I mentioned, in opposition to the vocal tradition. The Activist Group, by the way, has been inactive for some years and its organ, "Number," has ceased publication. I was never connected with it.

As for Mr. Coblentz, I merely wanted to make sure that the writers of "prop-room poetry," as John Ciardi calls it, would not embarrass me with their support. What Mr. Coblentz publishes in "Wings" needs none of the championing he is constantly giving it. It still finds well-heeled buyers and millions of readers in the mass-circulation magazines—if they can dig it out between the ads. Any attack against it on critical grounds would be like flogging not a dead horse but an aged and limping one that is still Aunt Hattie's pet—millions of Aunt Hatties. Or, in the sort of metaphor Mr. Coblentz's poets prefer, a wind-broken and wingless Pegasus. But when Mr. Coblentz steps out of character and calls him-

self a champion of "radical" poetry "from Shelley to Masefield"—how does Mr. Coblentz stand on Fifty-four forty or fight! or the Greenback issue?—and cites (in "Poetry Today: Fire and Fog") poems by William Carlos Williams, Kenneth Patchen, James Boyer May, Jose Garcia Villa and E. E. Cummings as horrible examples labeled "This is NOT Poetry," I can only say with Cummings' Olaf, the conscientious objector, "There is some s . . . t I will not eat."

LAWRENCE LIPTON
Venice, California.

Without Advertising

Dear Sirs: Prolonged advertising by big-business sponsors reminds us constantly of our lack of real freedom in the choice of TV entertainment. What freedom of selection have we when both parties are dependent on wealthy monopolies for their campaign funds?

There are a few educational TV channels now. But if our Seattle Channel 9 is an example, they are too weak to compete successfully, at least in fringe areas, with the commercial stations. Shouldn't we insist that state legislatures appropriate generous amounts for these channels? And shouldn't the chief function of the "public" channels be to give us a view of public business? If Congress and state legislatures were constantly performing in our living rooms, we might get to know various individuals so well that campaigning, no matter how well subsidized, would have little effect.

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The Nation's Presidential poll ballot will appear next week, the issue of June 16 (see explanation on page 500 of this issue).

The Shape of Things

Glorious Summer

A glorious summer of complacency has followed on a winter of discontent. In Florida, voters shook hands amiably with Adlai and Estes, yawned, and went fishing; only about half as many turned out to vote at the conclusion of this monumentally silly campaign as voted in the earlier primary for local offices (see page 483). In the New York *Herald-Tribune*, Roscoe Drummond reports that the Republicans are worried that the San Francisco convention will be a dud. Whatever the President wants, he will get—including Dick Nixon. "No fights over delegates, no controversy, no conflicts. . . . How to make a convention interesting to the voters when all the decisions are obvious in advance?" In a parallel column, David Lawrence reports that national politics are topsy-turvy; the slogans and the crusades don't seem to be working out. "There are plenty of words spoken on the stump," he writes, "but so far as any thorough presentation of basic issues is concerned, the campaign is still nebulous—or perhaps, only 'titular.'" Can it be that a huge bipartisan majority confidently expects Mr. Eisenhower to be reelected but doesn't really care very much whether this happens or not? Is this glorious complacency simply an early June phenomenon or does it represent a new and heightened version of the complacency, confidence and who-cares attitude that prevailed during the high-level prosperity associated with the name of Calvin Coolidge? Reactions will vary but this apathy of the moment prompts us to batten down the hatches and keep a sharp eye out for the storms to come.

The Sheriff and the Bad Man

Reluctantly the French continue to kill Algerian rebels in a war they cannot win; the more they kill, the more disaffection spreads among the French Army Reservists being called up for service in North Africa. In South Korea, the anti-Rhee opposition rolls up an impressive vote in the May 15 election and spokesmen for neutral embassies in Seoul are widely quoted to the effect that the South Koreans are getting tired, very tired, of living in a police state. On Cyprus, the British kidnap Archbishop Makarios, execute hostages, and unleash a Black-and-Tan terror that matches the savagery, and stupidity, of their reprisals against the Mau Mau in Kenya. Yet American opinion fails to focus on

these and any number of similar situations; the event may be noted but its meaning does not register.

Can it be that we fail to assess the meaning of such events because we have been conditioned for so many years to keep our attention riveted on Moscow as the prime source of the world's fevers and alarms? The Sheriff who kept his eyes tightly glued on the swinging saloon doors through which the Bad Man was expected to emerge with both guns blazing often failed to see the other less publicized bad men who were shooting up the town. At times we act as though the Russians were the only disturbers of the peace. Somehow the Sheriff should be shaken out of his trance and made to realize that merely keeping the Bad Man covered does not always preserve the peace.

"Curbing" the Court

A number of meanings may be found in the current campaign by a group of the more odious right-wing Republicans and Dixiecrats to enact legislation which would "curb" the Supreme Court by setting aside the so-called "pre-emption doctrine" on which the Court relied in declaring the Pennsylvania Sedition Act unconstitutional. The Dixiecrats realize that they are losing the fight against desegregation; the right-wing Republicans sense that the witch hunt is abating. By joining forces under the "states' rights" banner, both factions hope to strengthen a covert alliance which has been responsible in the past for blocking civil-rights legislation and for the enactment of a series of measures restricting civil liberties. This coalition, which the late Senator Taft put together in 1938, has been jeopardized recently by the sharpness of the civil-rights issue. Right-wing Republicans from Northern states cannot afford to oppose desegregation no matter how eager they may be to assist their Dixiecrat coalitionists; but they can, of course, join the Dixiecrats in a campaign "to curb the Court." Conversely, the Dixiecrats realize that it is easier to attack the Supreme Court on the charge that it is "soft on communism" or that it is "usurping legislative functions," than on the score that it is safeguarding the civil rights of Negroes. By making common cause in defense of "states' rights," both factions hope not merely to reverse the trend of decision in civil-rights and civil-liberties cases but to force the Court to uphold various state right-to-work laws which are now endangered by the precedent in the Nelson case.

This self-evident plot is not likely to succeed. Unwittingly, the bipartisan plotters have ended the dichotomy between civil rights and civil liberties; the issues

are now one. Northern "liberal" Democrats who might like to impose a "curb" on the tendency of the Court to protect the civil liberties of unpopular political minorities will hesitate to vote for a curb which also has strong anti-labor and anti-desegregation implications. Eisenhower Republicans will be influenced by much the same considerations. As a consequence, the right wings of both parties, by joining in an open alliance aimed at "curbing" the Court, will only further alienate the liberal and moderate elements in their respective parties. At the same time, the authority of the Supreme Court's decision in the desegregation cases—and its prestige generally—will be enhanced by reason of the fact that it has drawn the fire of a united front made up of Senators Eastland, McCarthy, Jenner and Bridges, assisted by Representatives Francis Walter and Howard W. Smith, and seconded, so to speak, by a renegade Democrat and former Justice of the Supreme Court, James F. Byrnes. Such a cabal of malcontents is not likely to convince the public that the Supreme Court needs curbing.

Managing the News

No doubt Mr. Dulles had reason for being disturbed by the failure of the Republican Party in Wisconsin to endorse Senator Wiley for re-election; any evidence that isolationism is being revived should not be taken lightly. But one may question the fairness of the State Department's concurrent action in releasing a set of sixteen-year-old documents purporting to tie certain isolationist Republicans to the Nazi propaganda drives of 1940. In making the 534 captured German documents available, the State Department gave reporters only forty-eight hours in which to read and abstract them; ordinarily the lead time runs to two weeks. The documents were published in the press the same day that Senator Wiley's rejection was reported. Spokesmen for the department said there was nothing "sinister" about the short notice or the release of the documents at this time. All the same the incident gives point to Eric Sevareid's comment last week that while this Administration is not the first to practice the subtle trick of "managing the news," it is the first to raise this practice to the fine art it is today.

Senator Morse's Rose

Ever since some constituents in Oregon presented him with a bouquet of roses for his twenty-two-hour filibuster against the tidelands-oil bill, Senator Morse has made a practice of putting a rose in his lapel when he means business about the subject under debate. Last week the rose was in his lapel. To the astonishment of his colleagues, he delivered a scorching attack on two provisions of the proposed narcotic act: one authorizing wiretaps and the other permitting the imposition of the death penalty on those convicted of selling heroin to juveniles or persons convicted three

times for smuggling heroin. The two provisions were merely the more offensive portions of a generally idiotic bill (see comments of Dr. Alfred Lindesmith in last week's issue). It is characteristic of this sleep-walking Congress that the bill was scheduled to pass the Senate without debate and would have done so but for Senator Morse's timely intervention. The wiretapping provision has now been eliminated and the death-penalty section will probably be killed in conference. Both provisions reflect a striking tendency on the part of legislators nowadays: to invoke strong remedies for social problems on the assumption that if Congress "cracks down" hard enough it can solve any problem. Saved by the grace of Morse from making fools of themselves, the sponsors of this bill should take advantage of the interlude to reconsider the entire measure.

Is This the Reason?

Why is the Administration so reluctant to channel economic aid through the United Nations? *Business Week*, in an editorial in its May 26 issue, suggests the reason. "For the U. S. it is not a question of wanting to attach strings to a U. N. aid program. The basic consideration is that we must be sure that our help is for friends and not for possible enemies. The plan is unacceptable to the U. S., no matter how attractive it may be to other nations." But suppose some "unfriendly" nations did receive some measure of aid through the U. N.? Would this be bad?

On the one hand, we keep saying that these unfriendly nations can't be trusted to keep their agreements; but if this is true, then it might be a good idea, one would think, to create some inducements for them to observe whatever agreements we might want to execute. Conversely, if we let it be known that we oppose the extension of U. N. aid to these countries because they are "unfriendly," that is, because we don't trust them, is it assumed that this intelligence will make them keep their agreements more honorably? In short, do we want them friendly or do we want them to remain unfriendly? True, we must meet the "Soviet challenge"—that is, we must compete in coexistence—but we can never compete effectively if it is coexistence we fear.

CIVIL-RIGHTS ISSUE

Watch for a special issue early in July on Jim Crow, civil rights and the enforcement of the Constitution of the United States. The issue will present a complete picture of the civil-rights crisis which has gripped the country and will point the way to its solution.

FLORIDA BEACHHEAD

A Slim One for Adlai . . by Bert Collier

Miami

RETURNS from Florida's Presidential preferential primary failed to settle anything. Supporters of both Democratic hopefuls wound up with a feeling of frustration. After an all-out campaign in which both Adlai Stevenson and Senator Estes Kefauver hit the hustings with the ardor of candidates for precinct committeemen, they came out virtually even. Winner Stevenson polled only 51 per cent of the vote in the closest preferential primary in Florida's history.

True, Stevenson has twenty-two of the state's twenty-eight electoral votes in his pocket. But the narrow popular-vote margin was a bitter disappointment to his supporters, which included the entire state party hierarchy, the solid Congressional delegation—with the exception, of course, of the state's lone Republican, effective Representative William Cramer of St. Petersburg—and a potent group of behind-the-scenes political leaders. Kefauver's camp was populated largely by enthusiastic amateurs, with the exception of a few pros such as Jacksonville's Mayor Haydon Burns. They almost carried it off.

Florida voters, generally, were surprised by the heat developed in the primary. About half as many turned out to vote as had in the first primary three weeks earlier when state and local offices were at stake in the balloting.

Kefauver, in one of his last Florida press conferences, said defeat in Florida would be a serious blow for either contender. The candidate who lost both Florida and California would be "virtually" out of the race, he said. The candidate who took both would go into the national convention with commanding prestige.

Aside from these considerations, there was another angle. Four years

BERT COLLIER, an occasional contributor to The Nation, is on the staff of the Miami Herald.



ago Kefauver offered himself in the Florida primary. Fresh from his Crime Commission triumphs, which included the smashing of the sinister S & G gambling syndicate on Miami Beach, he carried most of the state's politically liberal areas. But he lost out to Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, who campaigned on the South's favorite issue of state's rights. Russell nailed down victory by the votes of the "wool hat" sections, largely adjacent to Georgia and Alabama. That defeat nettled Kefauver, who badly needs Southern support, and frequently refers to himself as the South's candidate.

Kefauver's keen desire for the Florida endorsement, therefore, made it imperative for Stevenson to win. Stevenson did not offer four years ago. This time there was no states' rights challenge for the Tennessee Senator, and had Stevenson not entered the race, Kefauver would have taken Florida in a breeze. Stevenson's supporters knew they had to win, and win decisively.

With such high stakes, both men campaigned hard. For more than three months, Kefauver and Stevenson popped into the state at every opportunity. Instead of contenting themselves with a couple of major speeches, they hit the villages and crossroads, spoke whenever they could get a handful together. Stev-

enson adopted Kefauver's handshaking technique, visited barbecues, fish-fries, school graduations and strolled the main streets of cities and towns. Kefauver stepped up the frenetic pace of his campaign to meet the challenge. In the closing days, he often rose at 4 A. M. to shake hands with sleepy-eyed buyers and sellers at the farmers' markets.

Startled Floridians found themselves bombarded with talk about issues that failed to strike home. They were not accustomed to such personal campaigning for such an exalted office. The average hamlet group remained unmoved by the charge that Stevenson once represented a large corporation in litigation over monopolistic practices. This was not the free-wheeling, rock-and-sock campaigning, on no particularly startling issue except personalities, that most Florida voters enjoy.

BUT the campaign came close to a backyard brawl at that—over the red-hot issue of segregation. In the final days Kefauver charged that Stevenson was using "smile and sneer" tactics—smiling and saying nothing while his Florida supporters hammered away at a segregationist theme. He referred particularly to Millard Caldwell, former Governor of Florida and former head of the Civil Defense Administration. Caldwell, a veteran of Florida's political wars, introduced Stevenson at a state capitol rally. He attacked Kefauver as "psycho-addled" and a "left of liberal integrationist."

In accepting Caldwell's support and failing to disavow such tactics, Kefauver said, Stevenson was acquiescing in the appeals of "an out-and-out segregationist." But in Cali-

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foria, the Tennessee Senator declared, Stevenson likewise smiled and said nothing while Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt spoke powerfully in his behalf as an integrationist. "Mr. Stevenson, by these tactics, gives the impression of being a dual-personality candidate," Kefauver said.

Kefauver carried the ball with an assault on Stevenson's record, particularly on the question of old-age assistance, big business and civil rights. The Senator charged that Stevenson, as Governor of Illinois, had vetoed part of the appropriation act which would have given senior citizens a 10 per cent increase in their state assistance checks. Stevenson replied that the charge was distorted. His veto was necessary, he said, because the legislature, controlled by Republicans, failed to provide the funds. Kefauver also

hammered away at his theme of encouraging small business. It had almost no effect.

Actually there was little difference between the two men in their stand on major issues. This was brought out strikingly in their joint appearance on television. Labelled as a "debate," it turned out to be a series of statements, followed by a "you are right, but . . ." responses. The areas of agreement were so large that the minor differences went unnoticed.

The outcome of the primary in Florida raised doubt as to the value of this type of personal campaigning for this office. Perhaps, if only one candidate had used the handshaking, back-slapping technique, the result might have been different. Since both shook hands by the thousands and covered areas normally visited only by candidates for neighborhood

office, it was a standoff as the vote indicates.

Political writers who toured with the candidates saw in the lack of public interest that Florida again will go for Eisenhower. This is something else again. Certainly Florida is essentially a Democratic state. Except in the St. Petersburg area, the Democratic nomination still means automatic election in the fall. But party labels are becoming increasingly meaningless. Florida generally has no fault to find with the present Administration in Washington. Times are good, tourists and new residents still arrive in droves, property values increase spectacularly.

Chances are good that if either Stevenson or Kefauver bear the Democratic banner, Florida again will be for Ike. But in that race, if it comes about, there will be no apathy.

Nothing-To-Lose ZECKENDORF

There's Always the WPA . . . by David Cori

ONE WAY to get rich is to enter the most backward business you can find, think boldly and act friendly. William Zeckendorf chose real estate, which can prove it has more invested money (and less initiative) than any other business on earth.

Zeckendorf's company, Webb and Knapp, merged with Superpower and allied with Alleghany, is now the best known real-estate firm (if you can call it that) in the United States. In these notes it will hereinafter be referred to as "Zeckendorf." The abbreviation is standard practice in newspaper headlines which in the recent past have reported a wide variety of Zeckendorf news:

Item: A "Palace of Progress," to be built on the air over New York's Pennsylvania Station and to be the world's largest building, faded back into Zeckendorf dreamland. Options, plans, models and publicity had cost over a million dollars.

Item: An "Atomic City" to be

DAVID CORI, formerly a Time-Life editor, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

built in the air over the New York Central and Pennsylvania freight yards in New York's West thirties replaced the Palace in Zeckendorf twilight land. It included a permanent World's Fair, a television city and a heliport jutting over the Hudson River.

Item: In the still unoccupied air over New York's Grand Central Terminal, a Zeckendorf skyscraper might some day rise to eighty, a hundred stories.

Item: A month ago garden apartments on New York's Battery, within walking distance of Wall Street, appeared miraculously in Zeckendorf's mind's eye, complete with a round apartment house, the ambitious Helix design of his own staff.

Item: In San Francisco, a piece of Nob Hill has also awaited the round house but seems to have been jilted.

These riders in the sky were more than matched by current Zeckendorf dreams on the flat.

Item: In Washington, D. C., the District Planning Commission on April 4 approved a Zeckendorf plan, but without any commitment to let

him carry it out, to redevelop the derelict Southwest "Area C" (now half-white, half-colored) as better homes for 28,000 people, a rebuilt waterfront, a "cultural plaza" and a mall. The Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency had still to approve a \$32,000,000 loan.

Item: An unimproved plot of 11,600 acres in northwest Los Angeles in the Santa Monica range coyly waits for the city to expand in that direction, while carefully keeping its virginal tax status as "wild land."

Item: In the Florida Everglades, 65,000 acres (55 per cent Zeckendorf ownership) of swamp await development as range, farm and (possibly) oil wells.

Item: Between Dallas and Fort Worth, 5,000 acres costing \$10,000,000 await an industrial park and housing development costing another \$500,000,000.

Item: On the Mississippi, between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, 35,000 acres of Godchaux Sugar surplus land, 85 per cent owned by Zeckendorf, await the creation of a new industrial city. Half the area

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has already been leased to Humble, Stanolind, Shell and Superior Oil for mineral rights.

Item: Downtown Montreal may get a going-over, presumably in collaboration with the Canadian National Railroad.

Item: Havana, Cuba, and Italy, very quietly, are mentioned. There was once a plan for a 990-acre, three-billion-dollar building in Manhattan whose roof would be an airport. And Zeckendorf owns a \$250,000 model of a vertical parking lot called Parkon which depends on hoisting apparatus which doesn't yet quite work.

CLEARLY a company doing *only* the kind of business given above is not in business. It is adding to the gaiety of nations, the inspirations of city planners and the agony of investors, but it is not in business.

And so, on May 1, 1956, Robert R. Young of Alleghany Corporation and the New York Central Railroad, put \$20,000,000 of Alleghany money into Zeckendorf for fifteen-year 5 per cent debentures and warrants to buy ten million common shares at \$2.50 a share, Zeckendorf to vote all the Alleghany common stock in return for a waiver of the accrued dividends on his second-preference shares through 1957, this last amounting to \$8,250,000. Zeckendorf also gets 75 per cent of the profits on any deals he can pull out of Central's "long-dormant" New York real estate centered in a square bounded by Madison and Lexington Avenues and 42nd and 50th Streets. Alleghany gets three men on Zeckendorf's board of directors and a share in his profits.

The deal, if studied a while, is a typical Zeckendorf operation, visibly giving up a lot and quietly getting back even more, if Zeckendorf stays breathing. Since Alleghany is not Zeckendorf's rich, indulgent uncle, it obviously believes he does something besides dream.

In fact, Zeckendorf's dream world mirrors a real world.

His Dallas dream is a reflection of work in progress on the Roosevelt Field industrial and shopping center at Hempstead, Long Island. This Zeckendorf development already has contracts with Pepsi-Cola, Fairchild, American Bosch, Sperry Rand, Flint & Horner, etc. and is 75 per cent completed. Its affiliated stock, bought



William Zeckendorf

Drawn by Oscar Berger

in effect for \$2 a share, is now worth in effect \$40, having been split 3-for-1. A glossy model of the shopping center is constantly being photographed for the architectural magazines and will be a reality by September. Roosevelt Field owns land for similar enterprises in Camden, New Jersey, and San Bernardino, California.

Another shopping center is under construction on eleven more expensive acres in Flushing, Long Island.

Atomic City may remain imaginary, but already very real is a new Zeckendorf building nearby, between Macy's and Gimbel's in New York, the result of ten years of silent buying. On the ground floor is the biggest Woolworth's in the country, which gives Zeckendorf 8 per cent of its sales volume.

Corresponding to the "riders in the sky" there is Denver's \$38,000,000 development, comprising a Statler hotel and the completed Mile-High Center which adds a twentieth of a mile to Denver's 5,000-foot altitude. A nearby store will have three underground parking levels.

And so on. The real creations of Zeckendorf are useful, profitable and generally a modest improvement on the landscape, though not on any giddy level of imagination. Behind the Zeckendorf projects, both real and imaginary, stand solid bread-and-butter winners such as, in Manhattan, Chrysler, Graybar,

Equitable, 40 Wall Street, 2 Park, Ohrbach's, 383 Madison (Zeckendorf's G. H. Q.), 711 Fifth Avenue, the Lincoln hotel and the like.

Underlying the whole financial structure is Zeckendorf's breath-taking discovery that you can sell an investment in real estate over and over again by making use of Wall Street's breakdown of the risk characteristics into several categories such as the equivalents of common stock, first and second preferred, debentures, first-mortgage bonds, bank loans, warrants to buy common stock, etc., etc. To describe the simplest of Zeckendorf's deals along these lines would take a thousand words, perhaps interestingly, but this magazine is not *Fortune*. The man at the center must be a combination of lightning-calculator, river-boat gambler and sweet-talker.

TWO LITTLE words, "without recourse," describe most of the liabilities against Zeckendorf property. That is, in case of disaster, the investors can tear the property apart, but cannot tear apart Zeckendorf. If they look for him in the small print, he fades away like the Cheshire Cat.

Zeckendorf's peculiar empire includes in addition to the above holdings, five T-2 tankers, 50 per cent of a tramp-steamer company, the Hoboken Manufacturers Railroad, oil leases, a hundred 60 per cent

built Safeway Stores, and further properties in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Atlanta, Chicago, the Jersey water front, Philadelphia, Houston and Plattsburgh. He boycotts Boston because, he says, "Boston is going to go broke" on its "confiscatory" assessments and tax rates. He is also consultant for the Rockefellers and Time Inc.

MY first impression of Zeckendorf is that I am very glad not to be Zeckendorf. I don't even like to watch the aerialists at the circus. The Pauline-like Perils have hardly even been brushed in here. They terrified *Business Week* in a recent issue; they gave *Fortune* grave alarm a while ago, even though these two penetrating analysts were aware of the two beautiful words, "without recourse."

The secret must lie in the man.

Zeckendorf is a large man with a TV personality. The first impression is of somebody exploding with more than health. The shiny eyes and round ruddy face belong to a well-manicured Santa Claus bubbling with what he's going to give you for Christmas. Or again, he peers from under heavy lids like Alfred Hitchcock with a secret of exquisite horror. Or he is Tom Sawyer of Jackie Gleason trying unsuccessfully to conceal a colossal practical joke which will explode in due course. He is, in short, an emphatic man; his charm is therefore easily acceptable because it is familiar; but he knows that it is also disquieting and tamps it down now and then.

Zeckendorf once played tournament bridge, an exacting game that Santa Claus, Tom Sawyer and Jackie Gleason never aspired to. He can line up a large number of abstractions in his mind, see them clearly, juggle them around and build them into fourteen coherent patterns. *Fortune's* appraisal of the Zeckendorf personality, playing the usual light criticism with the right hand over the dotting chords of the bass, brings out the combination of cameraderie and brusquerie, the air of poise in

the midst of the cannonade, without evoking Napoleon. Yet anyone conducting so precarious a life would have to feel like Napoleon, so that this is no criticism.

The typical pattern of his operations can be read in Manhattan. He notably does not compete with the orthodox operators expanding northward. Instead, he has doubled back into the heart of the city (2 Park Avenue, Ohrbach's, Macy-Gimbel, the freight yards, Wall Street) and will predictably do something about the semi-derelict areas still untouched. Slums do not depress a man with a magic wand.

THE "riders in the sky," the publicity, the scale models, the armies of drawing boards, are not exactly waste motion. For one thing, they make Zeckendorf famous and exert a gravitational pull on other brokers, so that new deals are strewn in his path. For another, they serve the same purpose as lighting a cigar in a poker game.

To explain, Zeckendorf's coups should be separated into the visible and the invisible. Some of the latter eventually become visible; some certainly do not. He gave this rule away in a speech: "If the city decides it is going to build a park, it should condemn an area around the park and realize on the increased value. . . . I am against the windfall profit for the fellow who had nothing to do with the creation of increment."

One can safely assume that he feels at least as keenly against windfalls for sidewalk-superintendents watching his own operations. For example, everybody knows Zeckendorf's brilliant buying-out of the odorous slaughterhouses that once depressed Manhattan's East Side and his sacrifice of the plot (at an avowed

loss of \$35,000,000 profit) to the United Nations, through the Rockefellers. At U. N. ceremonies, everybody but Zeckendorf got thanked while the best he ever got was "two seats in the back." However, he also got permission to use an official U. N. etching on his stock certificates: not a bad prestige dividend.

Before the whole operation had become distressingly visible, he had quietly bought a good part of the surrounding area. In this case, he made no secret of it because he wanted to offer some of it to the city. In others, the latter part of the operation certainly does not become visible. It may not even get into the company portfolio. Zeckendorf's visible practice seems to be to do only one thing in an area. If he has any other interests, they seem to remain invisible.

Once he has put himself in position, the whisper of Zeckendorf interest typically swells to a roar. If the hullabaloo raises the market price only \$5 a square foot, he has a \$200,000 profit on every acre on which he holds options. (The usual block is about two acres.) It may then turn out that Zeckendorf is really interested in the area a few blocks further on, and the operation is repeated. It is never as simple as this, but the procedure has some of the characteristics of a horse race in which Zeckendorf is the bookie, the jockey, the judge and all the horses.

I have only admiration for this. My indignation is as "dormant" as New York Central real estate. Only professionals get burned, and not badly enough to hold it against Zeckendorf; he has virtually no enemies. Ultimately something very often gets built somewhere, and values go up and stay up.

Published articles about Zeckendorf are peculiarly unanimous in one respect. They evidently want to come to a conclusion about Zeckendorf, whether favorable or unfavorable, and they can't. Some bases for a conclusion are therefore offered here.



In case of a general collapse, Zeckendorf probably won't get hurt badly though a lot of other people may. "Without recourse" is a mighty armor. As against even a recession, Zeckendorf has been reducing short-term indebtedness by long-term borrowing, long-term financing (as mortgages) and selective liquidation. He actually regards his urban redevelopment plans as a hedge against depression in the sense that he thinks any depression government would have to employ or subsidize him as a matter of "pump-priming." In other words, he feels that if only he is in the right line of work, the

government will have to bail him out. He is already trying to look like the WPA.

Zeckendorf's visible works will continue to be a little more imaginative than most American building. His greatest benefit to America is undoubtedly his refusal to go along with the abandonment of the derelict centers of the great cities. He is capable of adding to the sum of small American happiness in other ways, for he loves the raw material of the land. If he keeps on wanting to build the highest or biggest building in the world, he will inevitably do it. As the Empire

State Building ushered in *The Crash*, his monster may well be just in time to welcome the next one.

The cruel probability is that anybody who does so many things, all rapidly and simultaneously, will never do anything really very good, even by pure chance. Zeckendorf shines only against the mediocrity of the competition. (One of his New York competitors, understood to be a Frank Costello front, is famous for hiring the cheapest architect he can find.) Multiplicity of effort is not the way to establish genius. The quality of dreams is more interesting than their quantity.

LEFT-WING REAPPRAISAL

Aftermath of Moscow . . . by J. Alvarez del Vayo

THROUGHOUT the labor movement and the Left in Europe a critical discussion is taking place which must eventually influence the politics of this continent and of the world scene. The main protagonists are the Socialist and Communist parties, but it involves rank-and-file workers as well as theorists and party leaders. And if the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party is the point of departure for the great debate, other factors play a role as well—not the least the vacuum created by the present world transition from cold war to a curious kind of peace in which disarmament conferences and H-bomb explosions alternate in making headlines.

This is indeed a strange interlude, politically, and may best be understood, perhaps, by an examination of the controversies now raging within the Communist and Socialist groups and their inter-party relations.

The Communists. The outward manifestations of Communist unrest in France are the brilliant polemics of the intellectuals—whether they be party members, near-Communists, or, like Pierre Hervé, men of independent mind whose independence has cost them their party member-

ship. Sartre, using *Temps Modernes* as his tribune, has ranged through all the "lessons" of the Twentieth Congress and concludes that while the French Communist Party has always been correct in its political thinking, it has been faulty in its application of that thought. The party, he says, has been handicapped by a kind of arteriosclerosis that has prevented the development of a creative Marxism adaptable to the changing scene. He thinks that, so far as the West is concerned, the "revolution" has been adjourned *sine die*. Hervé disagrees, and especially on the last point. In *La Table Ronde* he writes, "The revolution has not been adjourned. When the Communist Party of the Soviet Union removes the obstacles placed in our path by the dogmatists and fetichists, it is always the revolution that will advance."

But more important than the verbal thrusts and counter-thrusts by the theorists is the ferment at work in the party cells which shows the depth of the change that has taken place not only in France but in the Communist movement all over Europe. Militant rank-and-filers want to know why, if Stalin himself has been attacked, their own local leaders should be considered immune. Basic tenets of the party, such as

Aragon's famous line to the effect that "to possess a membership card accords only duties, not rights," are coming under attack. The militants are asserting their right to know, to understand, to get answers when they pose questions. At the party's Central Committee meeting on May 9 and 10, party chief Maurice Thorez defended the right of members to discuss everything, provided they did so with a sense of "responsibility."

But once freedom of discussion is permitted, there is difficulty in limiting it. This is all the more true because of the prevailing feeling among Communists that current trends towards greater "internal democracy" will strengthen the party and facilitate that *rapprochement* with labor groups, and particularly the Socialists, which the Communists now want more than anything.

The question of party democracy and of a new form of *Front Populaire* will be high on the agenda of the French Communist Party Congress to take place in Le Havre next month. The militants, many of

The Nation's Presidential poll ballot will appear next week, the issue of June 16 (see explanation on page 500 of this issue).

whom are now arguing that the time has come for the party leadership to be vested in new hands, will have their say. And they will urge that the greater the revision of policy and tactic in their own ranks, the more likely the Socialist leadership—now dead set against cooperation with the Communists—will follow suit.

The Socialists. As political entities, the Socialists are still very powerful in Europe. The Social Democrats remain West Germany's second largest party; they are the dominating group in the governments of several of Western Europe's smaller countries; they gained in the last elections in France and increased their vote in Britain's recent municipal elections. In last week's Italian elections the Left Socialists' candidates gained. Nevertheless a profound *malaise* can be detected among the rank and file and among a growing minority of Socialist leaders. In France, the immediate cause of discontent is undoubtedly what is considered to be the very un-Socialist Algerian policy of the Socialist government. But the *malaise* goes deeper. There are many who feel that, on the whole, the record of European socialism since World War I has been a sad one, most conspicuously in its failure to counter effectively the Fascist menace. One way or another, the party has yielded its mass following among workers to the Communists; in most countries today its membership largely comprises civil-service functionaries, middle-class *intelligentsia*, professional people and a steadily decreasing number of proletarians.

Despite these facts, France's official Socialist leadership—and this holds true almost everywhere in Europe—remains stubbornly opposed to any kind of a deal with the Communists. Tactics as well as principles are involved in this decision. The very eagerness of the Communists for unity makes them vulnerable to hard bargaining, the Socialist policymakers believe, and they will continue to demand concession after concession. Meanwhile the leadership of the French Socialists, at least, believes that it has found a role to play as mediator between Communist and capitalist governments; this is the role that Foreign Minister Christian Pineau sought to carry out in Moscow during his recent



Guy Mollet

visit. It involves a kind of neutralism, a non-identification with any *Front Populaire*, which undoubtedly appeals to many Frenchmen.

It would appear that the Left Socialists are in the best position of any to engineer a Socialist-Communist *rapprochement*. But here again the past exercises an adverse influence. During the years of the bitter cold war between the two parties, the Left Socialists were hounded by both—denounced as an element of “confusion” by the extreme Left and as “traitors to socialism” by the official Socialist leadership. In turn, some of the Left Socialists reacted with more emotion than reason, particularly to the attacks from the Communists, and became more “anti-Red” than even their right-wing comrades.

But there still exists a group of Left Socialists, adhering to the principles of genuine socialism, who want neither to become an appendage of the Communist Party nor to be drawn into the anti-Communist crusade. Such a group met recently in Paris at the initiative of G. D. H. Cole, president of the Fabian Society, and created a Center of Socialist Studies and a small staff with the mission of organizing Left Socialists throughout the world into some kind of cohesive unit. The group can count on the support of the *New Statesman and Nation* in England and, in France, of *Esprit*, *France-Observateur* and other publications.

As chairman of the new group, G. D. H. Cole has made his position abundantly clear. While sharing the distaste of the official Socialist leadership for all the forms of “one-

party dictatorships,” he considers as “absurd” the assertion by the Socialist International leaders in London last month that “socialism and communism have nothing in common.” The veteran British Socialist lists at least four major points of agreement: (1) the collective ownership of the essential instruments of production and their use for the common welfare; (2) the establishment of some kind of “welfare” state or society designed to provide a maximum of educational opportunity and social and economic security for its citizens; (3) that no man capable of working has the right to live on the products of another man's labor; (4) that the chief responsibility for the building of a Socialist society rests on the working class.

Despite this wide area of agreement, Cole—who is a realistic tactician—does not believe that the time is yet ripe for negotiations looking towards unity of the two parties. Rather, he argues, it is time for (1) friendly discussions between the Socialist International and such bodies as the Yugoslav Communists, the Nenni (Left) Socialists of Italy and the Asian and African anti-imperialist movements, and (2) a period of self-appraisal for the Socialists themselves in which an answer must be found to the question: “Are we doing our utmost to establish socialism in our own countries?”

WHILE the Cole group was conferring in Paris, I talked to many Socialists of different countries and of varied hue. Most agreed that the negative attitude toward Socialist-Communist relations adopted by the Socialist International was no answer to the problem. It was also agreed that the possibilities of a *rapprochement* would depend at least as much on general political developments—national and international—as upon the decisions of the Socialist leadership. The longer the Soviet Union can maintain its current initiative in the drive for peace, for instance, the greater will be the rank-and-file pressure for a Popular Front of one kind or another. For one thing, there are many Socialists who believe that the French Right, once it is convinced that it has nothing to fear from Russia, will feel free to turn its not inconsiderable energies against the French workers, Communist and Socialist alike. And even

aside from East-West relations, there is danger that the menacing Algerian situation might be used by the Right to sweep away parliamentary government in favor of some form of dictatorship—an eventuality which

would bring the French masses “to the barricades” in a fervent unity for which there is ample precedent in the history of the French Republic.

Assuming, however, that no such dramatic development intervenes,

the prospect is one of slow and tedious advance towards that unity of Europe's Left which was forged in the heat of World War II but which could not withstand the rigors of the succeeding cold war.

SOVIET INDUSTRIAL POWER

What the West Must Do . . by T. Balogh

London

IT WAS JUST a decade ago that the British Labor government was persuaded to accept a design for international economic reconstruction, evolved by the United States in the form of the “Grey Report,” calling for a return to a barely modified pre-war “liberal” economic system. The plan's purpose was to enable the West to keep pace with Soviet economic growth; in Britain, there was the additional hope that London could regain its role of a second decisive voice in the West.

Neither hope has been fulfilled. The economic failure of the West is not difficult to demonstrate. It started the post-war period with an overwhelming superiority in economic strength. U. S. manufacturing capacity represented at least 60 per cent of the world total, possibly more; its investment capacity, 75 to 80 per cent of the total. The United States, Britain, the Commonwealth and Western Europe together controlled 80 per cent or more of the world's investment capacity. The battered Soviet had lost up to half of its pre-war capacity. Yet in ten years the West has been reduced to a position where it must almost helplessly watch the attainment by the Soviet of equality of power, if not resources. Already Soviet output is near or above that of Western Europe.

The use by the USSR of barter deals involving arms for the Near East was the first sign of Western discomfiture. The growing volume

and attractiveness of Soviet trade and aid offers is the second. The deceptively disarming frankness with which Mr. Khrushchev recently discussed the futility of conventional weapons and his offer to limit them, together with Mr. Kurchatov's description of Soviet experiments in “taming” thermonuclear fusion, constitute perhaps a final warning. They should make it clear that what the West faces is a stupendous technology (and not merely a vast, imitative and thus wasteful duplication of rather obsolescent Western machinery). This technology threatens initiative and leadership in the economic as much as in the military field.

NO LONGER can we think of the Soviet threat as a vast horde of (slightly comical) *mujiks*, poised to be driven forward by a ruthless dictatorship. No longer can the Americans derive solace from the fact that only through subversion and treason can the USSR obtain the know-how on which survival in war and victory in peace depends. The attraction to non-committed areas radiating from the Soviet technical achievement, based on their own effort alone, begins to be apprehended.

The fact is that in a period of unexampled prosperity and full employment, the West—except for Germany—has not proved capable of matching Soviet technical and economic progress. Each year the Soviet overall growth—including the weak spot of agriculture—has been showing an increase of from 6 to 10 per cent over that of the previous year. Their industrial expansion seems to have been even faster, per-

haps as high as 11 to 12 per cent or more. In other words, Russian national output can be expected to double every twelve years or so.

This pace compares with an increase of U. S. manufacturing capacity of roughly 5 to 6 per cent annually since the war (except for the dip in 1949) and with a similar increase in Britain (interrupted in 1952-53 and about to slow down again). Overall production in the West has increased much less—between 2 1/2 to 4 per cent. The British Conservative government even in its heyday hoped no more than to be able to double British national income in twenty-five years—a rate of growth about half that of Russia's. What will happen now that all the “free world” applies even more sharply a “dear-money policy” in the name of victorious freedom is really too terrible to contemplate: investment in all Western countries has come under pressure. Germany alone in the West has been able to increase fixed investment to levels comparable to Russia's. Bonn was able to do this because, unlike the Soviet, it did not have to sacrifice 12 to 15 per cent of national income to armaments. And the weakness of West German trade unions, partly due to the influx of refugees from the East, enabled so high a portion of its national income to accrue to profits as would not be politically practicable in Britain or even in the United States.

The startling consequences of all this are only imperfectly realized. Calculations made in America during the war suggested that Russian productivity in manufacture was already not far behind Britain's. More recent information has confirmed

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this. If the present discrepancy in investment and education effort continues, the Soviet might be able to achieve current American productivity in manufacture in less than a decade; after that it will take even less time for her to catch up with the United States in overall production. But the Russian living standard is only a fraction of America's. Thus the productive power which will be available to her for warfare, or for economic aid with which to woo the uncommitted areas of the world, will be truly formidable. This will be true even if Soviet internal consumption is permitted to rise by say 6 per cent annually (which is more than twice the average British rise in real wages since the war).

Only the doctrinaire harshness of the Stalin regime has prevented Russia from using its formidable gold reserve to the detriment of the West's international trade. Even more menacing seems the possibility of the Soviet entering British markets and (far from sending food and raw materials to lessen British dependence on dollar supplies) securing its own high-protein foodstuffs by competitive sales of manufactures. The economic blockade, justifiable as it was in 1950, has become a menace in the measure that it enforces autarchy on Russia. It is increasing Russia's capacity to compete economically without decreasing its military potential. The West ought to encourage trade with the Soviet orbit—except in actual weapons. As the Soviet real cost of producing food is far higher relatively than that of manufactures, they could outbid Western countries at ease and with great profit to their standard of life. This aspect of the Soviet challenge is only imperfectly

realized. Unfortunately the failure of Western policies has not been acknowledged and without such insight no new policy can be evolved: the recent inane utterances of Mr. Dulles can only fill his friends and allies with fear and despondency.

PERHAPS even worse is the failure of the second of the dreams of 1946—that Britain could maintain her privileged position within the Western world. The prospect was not an unfavorable one. War devastation elsewhere had been far greater. The rapidity with which Britain regained its former export trade and then doubled it in volume showed that, appropriately managed, its economic system retained its basic resilience. But the steady pressure for "liberalization" necessarily weakened potentially favorable prospects in two ways: (1) liberalization of imports stoked the desire for higher consumption from any given income; (2) the inevitable loss of the feeling of equality of sacrifice and social cohesion forged in the war, which the new free-for-all entailed, let loose on the country successive waves of wage demands. As prices chased forward the workers did not profit, but the stability of the country was endangered. At no point could Britain undertake the once-for-all effort which is needed to become a dynamic high-investment economy. Improvements in domestic output or foreign trading were dissipated in greater freedom—to consume. British strength was doomed in the longer run.

In addition, Britain undertook military commitments which, in any case, would have strained her strength to the utmost. Yet instead of discussing what needed doing and how best to do it, moral arguments about means took an increasing hold: discussions about what is "permissible" in the framework of a *laissez-faire* ideology. Economic policy-making seemed wafted into the sphere of moral philosophy. In America rearmament positively stimulated production; in Britain the disproportionately heavy effort threw production into confusion. With controls down, a £1,500-million (about \$42 billion) annual defense budget effectively precludes any improvement in British affairs. Truly the combination of amateurism and orthodoxy never played

more rapid havoc in the history of empires.

Nor is this all. The Anglo-American design in its violent Spencerian optimism prevented an imaginative and forward policy of economic planning in the British sterling area. Long-term contracts were used to secure cheap supplies and not to foster the growth of the complementary dependent territories. Beyond that, an unimaginative handling of affairs resulted in the poorer colonies helping to finance a rapid economic development of the much richer Dominions and mainly in directions directly competitive to Britain. A more unfortunate handling of these matters could hardly be imagined.

Some deliberate sacrifice by the home country might then still have secured on the part of the dependent areas a feeling of loyalty, of common interest and adventure. As it was, a falsely interpreted liberalization is well on the way to establishing a series of undeveloped economic Balkans in which—to take West Africa or the Middle East as examples—even regional cooperation is rapidly becoming impossible. The elevation of the liberal idea of self-government into an economic dogma which excludes all common economic planning created a situation in which only the United States (and possibly Germany with a more rudimentary form of social justice) can benefit. Britain and the poorer areas of the world will find it more and more difficult to extricate themselves.

IT IS in this context that we have to consider the unilateral Russian decision to reduce conventional arms. The repetition of overworked cold-war phraseology will not help. As matters stand, Britain must free the productive capacity and manpower required to match Russian progress. For that purpose Britain needs to achieve not only an export surplus of at least £300 millions (\$840 million) a year, but also a doubling of prime productive investment. This may represent an additional £500 millions (\$1,400,000,000). While £800 million additional non-military output (or reduced consumption) seems a formidable figure, it should be remembered that it is barely 5 per cent of the national income. Once the first

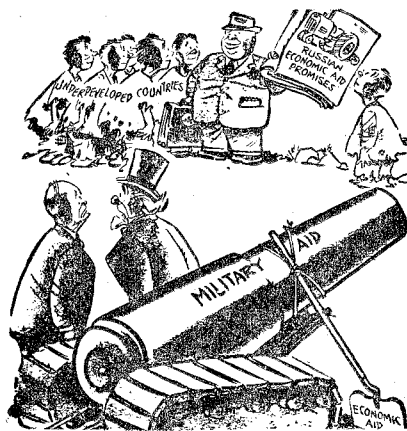


Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Ahead of us with the T-Bomb

basic readjustment is made—through, say, a £300-700 millions cut in arms—the rest is relatively easy to achieve: it resolves itself into preventing consumption from gaining

It is obvious that the present obstinate deification of means into ends will prevent any resolution of this problem. So long as there is an unrestrained free-for-all in finance and industry, with the British treasury paying for a large part of the outlay of the upper crust through various legal devices of tax avoidance, there is no hope of getting the voluntary cooperation of the trade unions. An overall national agreement is needed involving (1) a taxation policy aimed at excessive spending through the creation of a far greater surplus than hitherto contemplated; (2) the restoration of a limited number of direct controls; (3) some kind of conscious wage policy designed to enable the country to concentrate the national effort on increasing investment. Ideological dogmatism may dub this policy a retreat from freedom. In reality it will be a common-sense break with ideological dogmatism to achieve certain national aims at least cost in consumption.

Once the position of Britain and a closer knit sterling area within the Atlantic Alliance has been strengthened, the problem of a change of Western tactics can be tackled with an authority which Britain at the



Herblock in Washington Post
"When does our new model come out?"

moment totally lacks because it can contribute so little to the common pool. It has been shown that aid as such, without an attempt to deal with the intrinsic causes of poverty, rarely does any good and often harms by increasing the consciousness of failure. Thus plans which are based on pouring money down every anti-Communist drain should be rejected. From the Philippines to Algeria and from Egypt to Korea, the world is thick with misguided if well-meaning attempts at saving people from themselves without imposing reforms.

British policy has been ruled too much by the fear of being left in the lurch by the United States. This assumption attributes to U. S. leadership and public opinion little in-

telligence and less morals. Firm but friendly British insistence on the need for far greater flexibility of means than has hitherto been conceded by America in international economic relations is the basic essence if the West is to stop the present rapid drift towards economic inferiority to the Soviet.

A permanent support to poorer regions—including some in Western Europe—is, of course, essential. It should be financed through a progressive levy on all countries beyond a certain minimum national per capita income—an exact parallel to the national income tax, which has done so much to banish the ghost of growing inequality from the domestic scene. The poorer areas must be permitted to foster their interdependence so as to benefit from the possibilities of mass-producing large-scale industry. And they must be free to use such direct controls as seem necessary to squeeze the maximum benefit and investment out of a given subsidy. It is neither good morals nor good economics to support conspicuous waste in the name of a "collective effort at liberty" while the Soviet grimly, and successfully, concentrates its growing strength on further advance. And this is precisely what has happened almost everywhere in the West. For all the precious American aid, a sense of success has not been achieved in Europe, and far less in Asia.

JAPAN'S BIRTH-RATE WAR

Abortion vs Birth Control . . by Mildred Gilman

TWO WARS in which *lebensraum* has been used as a battle cry have convinced Japan of the need to limit its population to a point commensurate with its resources. The Japanese people know that to attain that objective, the means must be drastic and immediate. They already number nearly 90,000,000 in an area smaller than California.

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Hence a strange race is now going on in Japan: birth control versus abortion. At the moment abortion, which has been legalized for economic as well as physical reasons, is the more widespread practice. In some cases it can be obtained for the equivalent of fourteen cents. Dr. Yoshio Koya of the National Institute of Public Health calculates that there are from 1,800,000 to 2,200,000 abortions performed annually, including the "non-official" ones.

However, experiments are proving

that intensive education in birth-control methods can cut both birth and abortion rates sharply. Japan now awaits improvement in methods that would make progress more widespread.

To feed its hungry people, Japan devotes more than 95 per cent of its cultivable land to food production. Even so, almost 25 per cent of its food has to be imported. The situation is so serious that Dr. Juitsu Kitaoku, professor of Kokugakuin University, warned at the recent In-

ternational Planned Parenthood Conference held in Tokyo, that population pressure could push his country into war again. "There is no guarantee," he said, "that the Japanese will quietly endure mass starvation or the miserable standard of living far below that of other civilized countries. There is also no guarantee that the Japanese will not again follow the mad trail attempted during the Pacific War."

JAPAN'S women don't like to resort to abortion any more than do women in other countries. They know the risks in terms of emotional and physical disturbances, even in the hands of trained physicians operating legally. However, abortion seems the quickest available solution. It is the logical successor to infanticide, practiced widely in Japan before and immediately after the Restoration in 1868 when population was already overbalancing food production. During Japan's "expansionist" period—parallels may be found in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy—birth control and abortion were forbidden. Japanese mothers were told there never could be enough of the "superior people" belonging to the Imperial nation. Came World War II, defeat, and another change in national attitude.

For the first time, the government encouraged birth control as a means of cutting down population, cooperating with voluntary organizations to this end. The Ministry of Health and Welfare is responsible at the national level; the Prefectural Health Departments at the local levels. Practical aid is provided at health centers and Counseling Centers for Eugenics and Mothers' Protection. Since 1951, the counseling centers have received subsidies from the national government, the 1955 subsidy amounting to 26,311,000 yen, or \$75,000.

Thousands of midwives have been educated in teaching contraceptive methods. Nearly all the counseling centers, except those in maternity clinics or hospitals, are attached to the 800 health centers which have been established. In addition, about 30,000 Birth-Control Guidance Officers have been appointed throughout the nation. Sixteen voluntary organizations provide nationwide services and nine offer local assistance.

Polls throughout Japan show that Japanese husbands and wives *want* to plan their families and are willing, when given the opportunity, to use one of the existing methods of contraception. Far from being indifferent, as the poverty-stricken are often alleged to be, they show the greatest desire to be cooperative. The surveys show that most of those who respond want two children, almost none want more than four. Experiments in birth control have been in effect for varying lengths of time in selected areas. In every case where intensive education has taken place and contraceptives provided at minimum or no cost, the induced abortion rate has dropped sharply.

According to Mr. Bobutaka Ike, lecturer and author, birth control is no novelty in Japan. It was advocated by some intellectuals as early as the first decade of this century, but attracted little attention until after World War I, when rapid industrialization increased social consciousness among the workers. Margaret Sanger was invited by the Kaizo Publishing Company in 1921 to lecture on birth control, but once admitted she was forbidden by officials to talk on the subject. But the suppression of Mrs. Sanger proved proved as good publicity for the birth-control movement in Japan as it had in the United States. Pamphlets were issued, birth-control clinics started; however, the growing nationalism of the country halted progress until after Japan's defeat in World War II.

EVIDENCE of Japan's new attitude is the fact that the Fifth International Conference on Planned Parenthood was held in Tokyo last October. Experts in demography, sociology, biology, medicine, genetics and family planning were among the 500 delegates and observers from sixteen countries.

At the conference, Mrs. Kikuno Enda, nurse in charge of health at Fukuura, one of the three fishing villages in which intensive birth-control experiments have been conducted, rose to give her report. Facing the mixed audience, she was overcome with shyness and could only say to her assistant, "Discuss birth control in public? What do I say now?" The assistant blushed and remained silent. Both women had spoken most successfully in daily

calls on individual women, but with no men present. Dr. Yoshio Koya, head of the family-planning experiment in three fishing villages, including Fukuura, made the report in place of the nurse. He announced that the birth rate had been reduced by half in the five years of the experiment, the pregnancy rate reduced 45.9 per cent, the number of abortions had been reduced from thirty-one in 1951 to sixteen in 1955. Acceptance of birth control was reported to be 97.6 per cent.

ANOTHER experiment began with 750 couples in 1953 at the Kawasaki works of the Nihon Steel Company, near Tokyo. A year later it expanded to include a total of 5,366 couples with twenty qualified midwives in charge. As of April, 1955, the rate of those practicing contraception rose sharply to 71.6 per cent, the birth rate was cut in half and the number of induced abortions decreased by 75 per cent. The plant had simultaneously introduced an overall health plan with special consultation service for employees on their daily life problems, including family and legal matters. A significant decrease in the accident rate and in absenteeism resulted from the improved health and happiness of the workers.

Dr. Hideo Hayasha reported at the Tokyo conference on a birth-control guidance program begun at the Joban Coal Mining Company in March, 1955, for 10,000 employees. This was put into effect after a two-year test among a selected group showed a decline in the pregnancy rate from 40 per cent to 20 per cent and in the number of induced abortions from ninety-one to forty-nine.

There is no doubt that the unique exchange of scientific knowledge and experience that took place at the Tokyo meeting will help to speed up contraceptive research and development. A subsequent seminar at Bombay added to the Tokyo findings, all of them pointing up the great need in Japan and other over-populated areas for a simple, safe, inexpensive and, above all, an *effective* contraceptive. When contraceptive research receives the funds and attention it deserves as a major health measure, women in Japan and elsewhere will no longer need to resort to the drastic means of abortion to control the size of their families.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

At One Remove from Tragedy

THE MANDARINS. By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Leonard M. Friedman. World Publishing Company. \$6.

By Iris Murdoch

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE remarked that "the writer has only one subject—freedom," and there is no doubt that this is the subject of Simone de Beauvoir's new novel. She explores it in a series of clearly defined dilemmas, sharpened to extremity and ending violently. The book opens during the last days of the war. Henri Perron wishes to free himself from Paula, with whom he has been living but whom he no longer loves. He attempts meanwhile the almost impossible task of being a non-Communist Socialist without being an anti-Communist Socialist. He edits an independent newspaper which later becomes the organ of a political group led by Robert Dubreuilh.* He breaks with Dubreuilh on the issue of whether to publish certain facts concerning Soviet labor camps. He becomes the lover of Josette, who was a collaborator during the war, and finds he must compromise himself to save her from blackmail. Finally he marries Nadine, the daughter of Dubreuilh, and returns cautiously to politics. With his story is interwoven that of Anne Dubreuilh, Robert's wife, the second main narrator, who acts as a sober and reflective chorus to the other characters, and vanishes intermittently to the United States to have a very complicated love affair with an American writer.

This is an extremely impressive novel about important things. It is also, as the title suggests, an intellectual novel, by an intellectual, about intellectuals, for intellectuals. It has the nerve to be intensely contemporary. Almost every major po-

*It is generally supposed that Dubreuilh is modelled on Sartre, as his wife, Anne, is based on Mlle. de Beauvoir. Readers have found among the characters of the novel thinly veiled portraits of Camus, Arthur Koestler and other figures in the post-war period of letters and politics.—THE EDITORS.

litical event which occurred during the period covered is discussed by the characters. The political part of the story presents a moving and detailed picture of the struggle between the left-wing groups which had been united in the Resistance movement. Besides acute political analysis the book contains accurate psychological observation, particularly of the so-called "battle between the sexes." Take, for instance, the moment when Perron tells Paula that he wants to take Nadine with him on a journey. Paula forbids this; Perron resists, then gives in, but adds: "Only don't talk to me any more about freedom!" Paula then retreats with a gesture of generosity, saying: "I'd eat my heart out even more if you chose to destroy our love out of spite." Each then feels that he has been the victim of the other. This is the sort of interchange which Simone de Beauvoir takes great pleasure in analyzing, and she does it well.

THERE is in this book the material of tragedy. The betrayal of the dead and the betrayal of the past are persistent themes. During the scenes of joy at the end of the war Anne remembers the dead. When she sees her daughter seeking happiness with Perron, she remembers Nadine's Jewish lover, who perished in a concentration camp. Perron thinks of Josette's German lover who was killed on the Eastern Front, and compassionately tries to separate his indignation from his jealousy. Paula, recovered from a nervous breakdown, explains away her love for Perron in terms of psychological compulsion, while Anne listens sadly and reflects that any suffering would be better than such a trivializing of one's past. All this is very finely and accurately presented. And yet one feels that, after all, this very interesting and ambitious book is not likely to stir its readers to any deep and sustained compassion.

What is the matter is partly the atmosphere of continual reflection and acute comment in which the events take place. The point of an

episode occurs too frequently as an analysis presented in some character's reflective thoughts rather than being shown concretely in action and dialogue. Rather too much of the book lies at one remove from reality. There is also a deeper reason, which might be described as the dilemma which the novel itself is in. These characters do not live in a world of ordinary customs and virtues; they live in a far more denuded world. They too exclusively represent certain explicit problems, and so remain external to one another; and as the society in which they exist provides no structure of custom and compromise to hold them, they drift on towards extreme situations. There is a continual undercurrent of psychological violence. Perron has to be Paula's victim or her executioner. He struggles with her but does not communicate with her. He does not communicate with Nadine either, although the author attempts to establish this communication at the end of the book.

Nadine, in fact, is a character whom we have met before. She closely resembles Ivich, of Sartre's *Paths of Freedom*, and also Xavière, of Simone de Beauvoir's earlier novel *She Came to Stay*. In *The Mandarins* the character of Xavière is shared between Paula, who has the role of "the other person" whose illusions and misunderstandings become intolerable, and Nadine, the impulsively sincere and immediate character who is the accuser of the hesitating intellectual. In *She Came to Stay*, Simone de Beauvoir could think of nothing better to do with the intolerable Xavière than to have her murdered by one of the more thoughtful characters. In *The Mandarins*, Paula is driven mad and returns to a sanity which seems worse. It is significant that with Nadine

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something more constructive is attempted. Nadine bears a child and marries her intellectual and ceases to be his accuser. The marriage of immediacy and reflection; for these are the two extremes with which we are left in a world where traditional values have broken down. Where there is no background of fixed rules, these novels tell us, one acts on impulse or else hesitates in an interminable reflection. At least in *The Mandarins* Simone de Beauvoir presents her extremes as capable of redemption by each other. But the attempt is too abstract and comes too late in the book. What is felt as real is juxtaposition and violence, not encounter and reconciliation.

For the novel to realize its tragic possibilities we need the sense of personalities more profoundly committed and anchored in reality. Perron condemns Josette, but does not want to be her judge because he loves her. Yet this situation fails to satisfy, not only because Josette is such a puppet and Perron's interest in her so superficial, but because as soon as things get difficult Perron's thought becomes negative and destructive. He gives up morally, as it were, at a certain point. Similarly, where his relations with Paula are concerned, "ever since he had come to understand that no matter what you do you're always wrong . . . he had felt strangely carefree." Later on, *a propos* of the catastrophe with Josette, Dubreuilh draws what might be the conclusion: in this age, private morality does not exist. Perron is uneasy at this speech, but his own earlier pronouncements at least half endorse it. And, one might say, in as far as the author herself tends to withdraw the reality from the world of private morals and allows her characters to escape the complication of their lives by plunging into a moral *néant*, she debars herself from the tragic development which the greatness of her theme leads us to hope for.

Here we may raise the question which Simone de Beauvoir raises in the novel and keeps continually before us: what is literature for, anyway? Again, the dilemma is clearly presented. Both Dubreuilh and Perron ask themselves, what is the point of literature when people are oppressed and starving? One answer is given by a young admirer of Perron,

who says: "There are things that you consider important, there are values you believe in. You ought to show us the pleasant things on earth. . . . That is what literature should do." Perron concludes that what he wants to do is to write a novel "set in a definite place, at a definite time, . . . that meant something. . . . A story of today in which the readers would find their own worries, their own problems. Neither demonstrate nor exhort, but bear witness."

THIS, I take it, is what Simone de Beauvoir also wishes to do, and indeed has done in *The Mandarins*. She has certainly set before us, with remarkable honesty and exactness, the dilemma of the Western liberal, seen through the eyes of a French intellectual. But the merits of the book are also its defects. Form and economy have been sacrificed to particularity and comprehensiveness: imagination has been sacrificed to intellect. The book is shapeless, repetitive, and far too long. Anne's adventures in America, which have little relevance to the events in France, are in themselves incoherent and take up too much space. Among the questions concerning the role of literature which are discussed in *The Mandarins* we do not find the questions which are most pertinent to the book itself.

Is accuracy enough? For literature to bear witness, there must be not only brilliant observation and analysis, but also deep imaginative transformation and structure. What is in question here is the meaning of "bearing witness." The lack of imaginative grasp in a novel is the more acutely felt if the ordinary social world of customs and virtues is also absent. *The Mandarins* is a novel about loss of faith, about the contradictions of freedom, about the possibility of despair. The author is disillusioned, exceedingly intelligent, and anxious also to be positive and hopeful. But in the denuded atmosphere which her very honesty has created we are starved for the power of the imagination. Since the book itself has raised the question of the role of literature in a society menaced by destruction, we may place our criticism of it within that same discussion. Honesty, accuracy and particularity are rare and valued merits in a novelist. But especially now, we need, together with these, vision, imagination and in its widest sense, poetry. To say this may sound presumptuous. *The Mandarins* has so many great qualities; it is a very courageous and moving novel; it is a novel drawn on a large scale. But just because it is so ambitious we may reasonably chide it for not fulfilling our best expectations.

Small Beer and Moral Law

THE HERO IN ECLIPSE IN VICTORIAN FICTION. By Mario Praz. Translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson. Oxford. \$11.

By Jacob Korg

THE KEY WORD of this elaborate study of Victorian fiction is "Biedermeier," the style of gentle, naive intimacy and normality that has a German name and is now generally connected with period furniture, but characterizes most of the art and culture of nineteenth-century Western Europe. Biedermeier, as formulated by Professor Praz, is the compound of common sense, seriousness, sentimentality, piety and propriety

that was regarded as an ideal until about fifty years ago, and has been detested as "Victorianism" ever since.

Professor Praz's examination of the central current of Victorian feeling begins oddly and interestingly with an illustrated study of *genre* painters, especially the Dutch and French. He finds in their mild realism, their interest in domestic scenes and their tendency toward didacticism a clear foreshadowing of what was to come in Victorian fiction. The development of painting paralleled that of English literature. Just as the gradual elimination of religious elements in painting sanctioned an interest in the present and visible, so the attenuation of romanticism in fiction led to an occupation with the ordinary and everyday. In both cases the ultimate cause of the change was middle-class taste, which exer-

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cised a civilizing, calming and normalizing influence.

The effect on literature of the Biedermeier taste was to deflate the heroic and exalt the humble, the small, the intimate, the local and the prosaic. That is why Dickens' major characters are colorless, while the minor ones, who have little or no moral stature, are excellent. Similarly, Thackeray wrote "A Novel Without a Hero," disparaged historic heroes and avoided scenes where human beings rise above themselves. He knew his gifts were "small beer," but the prevailing logic of his time declared that his honesty in admitting his limitations was itself a virtue superior to talent, and he was content to aim at a flat, unpoetic excellence whose chief distinction was authenticity.

PROFESSOR Praz cites Trollope as the best exemplar of Biedermeier among the Victorian novelists. His very working methods were utterly bourgeois; he wrote by the clock, producing two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. His method was photographic, his people and events ordinary, colorless, even pedestrian. But Professor Praz points out that at his best he succeeded in giving striking significance to detail without distorting it, like a movie camera when it focuses on an isolated object.

With George Eliot, Biedermeier became a moral imperative. She regarded the small and intimate as illustrations of general truths. Her insistence on the imperfection of human character was the first link in a chain that led to a didactic stress on the importance of moral law. Professor Praz finds that her outlook is somewhat Wordsworthian, for it implies submission to the laws of nature, and somewhat Tolstoyan, for it sees in humble people and events the embodiments of great historical developments.

Professor Praz's copious discussion explains, among other things, why the Victorian sense of tragedy was deficient. In a world where nothing is larger than human, the interplay of man and destiny which constitutes tragedy is impossible. The Biedermeier distrust of the transcendent saps the power of the tragic emotions. Terror dwindles into sensationalism and pity into sentimentality.

Back to the Music Itself

THE LISTENER'S MUSICAL COMPANION. By B. H. Haggin. Rutgers University Press. \$5.75.

By Robert E. Garis

THE TITLE of Mr. Haggin's new book is apt: its valuable commentary will accompany the listener wherever he wants to go in the world of music. But the chapters on musical forms and procedures, and to some extent the entire book, are designed for "someone who has just begun to be interested in music." These words remind me that I am one of Mr. Haggin's pupils; my musical education began when I first encountered the music column of *The Nation*. And it has been a pleasure to discover in *The Listener's Musical Companion* the qualities that had so happy an effect on me years ago.

First there is the candor and power of the prose itself, the voice of a music critic who can actually think. This is rare in the field. Then you notice, with astonished relief, the sensible attitude Mr. Haggin is taking toward you. He is neither Olympian nor "friendly," neither a shocker nor a relaxer. You are assumed to be an intelligent person who has sought the aid of a music critic, and Mr. Haggin simply performs the critic's function for you. He describes and judges pieces of music; he makes his standards clear and meaningful; then he sends you back to the music itself to confirm his judgments.

Those who do not understand how education happens may find some of Mr. Haggin's views dogmatic and even arrogant. For such innocents, the very act of judgment is mysterious and seems insulting. For an intelligent reader this book offers a map of the musical world. If its lines were vague it would have no value as a map, and if Mr. Haggin's opinions were hesitant he would not be a critic.

The essence of his method is that when he listens to a piece of music he is following the "operations" of a mind that thinks in musical terms,

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and that when he describes that piece of music he is comparing one kind of operation with another. Thus Mozart's "precision" is something you learn to recognize and enjoy by comparing it with Schubert's "expansiveness." And to read about the "immediacy of Mozart's presence" in his concertos is illuminating because you can compare this social and almost theatrical art with the "super-earthly exaltation" of Beethoven's last works. You are making distinctions between musical experiences *in musical terms*; you are thinking musically. And it is because Mr. Haggin can help you to do this, or to do it better, that he is our foremost music critic.

The new book includes an up-to-date list of recommended recordings.

Biased Pamphlet

THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA. By Dorothy Woodman. Philosophical Library. \$6.

By Harry J. Benda

SINCE the end of World War II, the strategic role of Southeast Asia in the battle between East and West has kept the area on the front pages of our press. Yet in spite of this importance, knowledge about Southeast Asia in the West is still woefully inadequate, at a time when continued ignorance is rapidly becoming a costly, and indeed indefensible, luxury.

A new book on the most populous new nation-state in Southeast Asia, the Republic of Indonesia, should therefore be welcome, and it is a pity that it is not as good a book as one might wish for. Dorothy Woodman, a British journalist and contributor to the London *New Statesman* and *Nation*, has undertaken an ambitious task. She has tried to compress politics, education, health and cultural developments in Indonesia between the covers of a fairly long book—but the compression will not satisfy the scholar and the length will discourage the general reader.

Miss Woodman's enthusiasm for

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the Indonesian cause is, in itself, laudable and even refreshing. But enthusiasm alone cannot replace scholarly knowledge. What the scholar will object to in Miss Woodman's book is, primarily, that her study of Indonesia was motivated by political sympathy rather than by a desire to learn. The result is, that on many—and on many important—points the author betrays a disregard for history which is, to say the least, perturbing.

The reason for this disregard is, that though the author has—in her own words—endeavored to write about the past and present of Indonesia from the “non-colonial point of view,” she has in fact written an

anti-colonial pamphlet of 400-odd pages. This anti-colonial attitude is, in itself, nothing new, at least to readers on this side of the Atlantic. But even they will be amazed to find to what extremes the Socialist inquisitor from Britain is prepared to go. She manifests an almost sadistic pleasure in collecting her evidence against the former masters of Indonesia. Most liberal students of Indonesia certainly share Miss Woodham's distaste for colonialism. Few will, however, be able to share in her wholesale condemnation of a colonial past which, for all the wounds which it inflicted on a subject race, was, like most human acts, a mixture of good and evil.

with its characteristic refinement of execution and sonority; the chorus sounds dry; except for Edelmänn, whose singing exhibits strain in place of its former easy flow of beautiful tone, the work of the soloists is excellent. The recorded sound occasionally becomes too faint and distant; and in the big sonorities at the end there is momentary distortion and my Fairchild pickup jumps grooves. This jumping of grooves occurs also at the end of the Symphony No. 8 on the fourth side; and in this performance there is a loss of volume in the finale. The work is played with refinement rather than energy and robustness, and with slower tempos in the minuet movement than we are accustomed to.

Records

B. H. Haggin

CONCERNING Berlioz' originality I have remarked more than once that there is nothing in his music that can be recognized as being derived from his predecessors, and on the other hand that nothing characteristic of Berlioz is to be heard in the music of his successors, in the way that Wagner's voice is unmistakable in the music of the generation that followed him. I haven't heard anything which controverts the second part of my observation; but listening to the early *Les Francs-juges* Overture as it is played on London LL-1297 by Albert Wolff and the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra I have perceived for the first time how both the agitated opening and the so-called second subject of the Allegro strongly resemble the writing of Weber, whom we know Berlioz worshipped. This is the only instance of its kind in my experience of Berlioz' music; and I don't think I would have perceived even this one if I had heard instead Beecham's performance of the piece with his Royal Philharmonic on Columbia ML-5064, in which the character of the music is altered by one of Beecham's perverse slow tempos. And I must report his similar excessively slow pace in the introduction of the *Carnaval romain* Overture, an exacerbated sharpness of inflection in the *Corsair* Overture, a similar ex-

aggerated sharpness and a fussy treatment of the second subject in the Allegro of the *King Lear* Overture. Wolff's performances of these pieces also are better than Beecham's; and they are reproduced with the proper balance of treble and bass that Beecham's don't have. But one feature of interest on the Beecham record is a performance of the *Waverley* Overture, Op. 1, which has given me my first astonished hearing of symmetrical melodic banalities which it is hard to believe could have been set down, even in his immaturity, by the composer with the original and unpredictable mind that is heard in the later pieces on the record.

AS FOR recordings of standard repertory, Angel 3544 offers Beethoven's Ninth performed by von Karajan with the London Philharmonia, the chorus of the Vienna Society of Friends of Music and a solo quartet comprising Schwarzkopf, Marga Höffgen, Ernst Hafliger and Otto Edelmann. The performance doesn't have the sustained intensity and power of Toscanini's; but its general steadiness of tempo (with a few exceptions, like the slowed-down beginning of the final crescendo of the first movement) and generally coherent pacing of the finale (again with a few exceptions) make it effective and satisfying. The orchestra plays

IN THE performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* by Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony on Capitol P-8334 the texture isn't always clear; and the fugato in the second movement suddenly slows down unconvincingly at its climax; but otherwise this is a steadily paced and effective performance of the work.

Munch's performance of Tchaikovsky's Fourth with the Boston Symphony on Victor LM-1953 is an agreeable surprise: none of Munch's frenzied rushes, but instead a control which produces a coherent statement of the work, and care which produces beautiful playing by the orchestra. The recorded sound is excellent; but in processing the tape of the first movement Victor omitted the clarinet phrase in measure 106, the tenth measure before the Moderato assai, quasi Andante section; and in this section the woodwind comments are not all clearly audible.

Comparing the performances of Dvorak's engagingly melodious Slavonic Dances by Kubelik and the

Harold Clurman

THE theatre critic of The Nation has written from Paris to say that he is now completing a series of articles on the theatre of East and West Berlin. He describes it as “not simply better than the New York, London or Paris theatre, but different in kind.”

This important series will be published in The Nation as soon as the manuscripts arrive.

Vienna Philharmonic on London LL-1283/4 with the older Talich-Czech Philharmonic performances on Urania 604, I find that Kubelik's tempos are faster but not too fast, that the Vienna Philharmonic is the finer orchestra, and that its playing is reproduced with more distinctness, spaciousness and beauty of sound. On the fourth side is an unexciting performance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*.

MONTEUX plays Debussy's *Nocturnes* with the Boston Symphony on Victor LM-1939 in the tempos we are accustomed to; and in this respect the performances are more satisfying than Inghelbrecht's with the French National Radio Orchestra on Angel L-35103, which make "Nuages" too fast and "Fêtes" too slow for American ears. In addition the Boston Symphony has a much better brass section than the French orchestra; but its playing under Monteux hasn't the refinement of sonority and clarity of texture that we hear in the playing of the other under Inghelbrecht; and just as Victor's recording is partly responsible for the coarseness and lack of clarity of the one, Angel's recording contributes to the refinement and clarity of the other. Monteux's performance of *La Mer* with the Boston Symphony, on the reverse side, is not one to prefer to Toscanini's.

Of the fresh and engaging writing that one hears in the Suite from Prokofiev's early opera *The Love for Three Oranges* the familiar Scherzo and the lovely episode "The Prince and the Princess" are not only outstanding but the passages that best stand being heard without the stage action. A good performance by Boult and the London Philharmonic is on London LL-1294, with the later and inferior *Lieutenant Kije* Suite.

Vanguard 466/7 assembles on three record sides all four groups of Respighi's enjoyable orchestral reworkings of charming old pieces—the three Suites *Old Airs and Dances for the Lute* (of which No. 3 is issued for the first time) and *The Birds*—excellently performed by Litschauer and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. The fourth side has the *Trittico Botticelliano*, a piece of original writing set off by three Botticelli paintings, and less successful than *The Fountains* and *The Pines of Rome*.

June 9, 1956

Theatre and Films

Robert Hatch

IF VIRTUE were in fact rewarded, a happy future could be predicted for *The Littlest Revue* (Phoenix): this second annual summer show under Houghton-Hambleton auspices is modest, chaste, industrious, cheerful, intelligent, comely. But these assets, so endearing in a maiden, are not enough for the intense concentration of the theatre. Energy is needed; style, wit and authority, and *The Littlest Revue* is deficient in those more metallic attributes of showmanship. It offers Charlotte Rae, until recently a splendid Mrs. Peachum in the Theatre de Lys *Threepenny Opera*, and Miss Rae is a comedian of considerable satiric bite. It offers also one arresting dance ("Opus 9" by Edward Sauter, danced by Dorothy Jarnac) and one impertinent political lampoon ("East Is East" by Nat Hiken and Billy Friedberg). But for the rest, the satire and ingenuity are at varsity show level—engaging but callow. And this is a surprise, considering that the names of Ogden Nash, Vernon Duke, Eudora Welty and John LaTouche are sprinkled through the credits and that Ben Bagley, who did quite well last year with *Shoe-string Revue*, put the show together. It is a pity, for the country has dropped into a mood of flat indifference and an astringent topical revue could bring some salt to our stew.

GENE KELLY is a dancer of prodigious monotony and a choreographer who takes instant fire from the ob-

vious. His *Invitation to the Dance*, about which we have been hearing rumors for years, is large, resplendent, self-confident and almost empty.

The picture offers three independent "ballets." The opener, "Circus," is dressed up in Commedia dell'Arte furniture of considerable charm, and displays Mr. Kelly breaking his heart in white grease paint. He is a mime of limited ingenuity who wigwags his emotional progress like a midshipman with semaphore flags. Igor Youskevitch and Claire Sombert, completing the triangle, perform one passage of school figures without exerting themselves.

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The second episode is a *Ronde-like* drama in which a bracelet tours a number of lovely wrists but homes safely to its rightful owner. The overall notion was deadened by predictability, and I was not much struck by the satire implicit in having a dancer munch a sandwich while performing a routine adagio or in the old Keystone trick of speeding up the film during a cocktail dance sequence to suggest the feckless frenzy of such gatherings.

In the last episode, Mr. Kelly is a sailor on leave in some Arabian port. He rubs a lamp and, presto, a small facsimile of himself emerges from the smoke. Man and boy then launch into the old Bill Robinson-Shirley Temple softshoe routine. The sequence ends with an animated cartoon of the Sinbad country, in which Kelly and the boy join hands with drawings of harem guards and wives of the sultan. The technical difficulties of this stunt stagger the imagination; the dancing is bread-and-butter vaudeville.

Gene Kelly is an irritating performer because he has so much natural talent and is so content to get by on it.

THE AERIAL passages in *Trapeze* are beautiful and dangerous, the Cirque d'Hiver setting is intriguing and photographed with great enterprise, and the picture is alive with vivid circus detail. These merits are perhaps sufficient to offset a tedious, shabby plot and the wooden performances of Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida. It leaves open the question of why Carol Reed could not bring more weight to bear on the picture. Lancaster, at least, has shown in the past that he can become eloquent under sufficient direction. Reed was perhaps too preoccupied by the kaleidoscope of his background, or too depressed by the seediness of the script.

SOMEONE who loves Alfred Hitchcock should deprive him of his expensive toys. Huge budgets, famous stars, VistaVision and Technicolor are distracting and exhausting him. The present version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* is a remake of one of his famous melodramas. To my sorrow, I never saw the original, but this one will not be famous. It is all spread out, slack, lead-footed; it is burdened by ornate sets, re-

moved from plausibility by pancake makeup; it looks assertively unreal. The plot is not neat—the strategy of the conspirators is obscure and the behavior of the hero is obtuse. This weakness was probably in the original, but if the action swirled fast enough no one would have objected. Now you have what seem like hours to poke holes in the unbalanced equations. James Stewart and Doris Day, faultlessly groomed and as smooth as marbles, earn their high pay with perfect studio performances.

THE translation of World War I *Waterloo Bridge* into World War II *Gaby* has produced a superior neighborhood entertainment that floats past on nostalgia and seduces you with the young healthiness of its war-lorn lovers. Its sentimentality is debilitating, but Leslie Caron and John Kerr are honest sweethearts. In their behavior toward each other they somehow avoid the warm syrup of Robert Sherwood's old story—which means, probably, that Curtis Bernhardt is a strict and unsentimental director.

Television

Anne W. Langman

"A GENTLE MAN AM I" murmurs Rex Harrison in *My Fair Lady*; "even-tempered and good-natured . . . the sort who never could, never would, let an insulting remark escape his lips. Just a very gentle man." This paraphrase of Shaw could have been the motto for the recent kick-off of the Presidential television campaign—the Kefauver-Stevenson debate, which was presented as a public service by the American Broadcasting Company. Even the veteran moderator, Quincy Howe, failed to contribute anything but a tremulous nervousness to the mild ascepticism of the hour. If the order from headquarters was to avoid providing the Republicans with any ammunition by public disagreement, an explanation frequently voiced hereabouts, surely more imaginative advantage could have been taken of the time.

The participants were stiff and formal, the cold studio and harsh lighting robbed us of even a visual impression of the two who had agreed to agree. Tv can be an excellent method for getting to know political big-wigs, to understand their habits of mind. It can be more effective than a glimpse from the back of the crowd, a flash of newsreel, a printed page. Let them join the living-room circle in a couple of comfortable chairs, a convenient table for frank use of notes (those furtive downward glances fool nobody); perhaps even a chance to get up and stretch the legs might be allowed during an hour's concentrated

conversation. Intelligent use of tv can make this the first campaign in which the citizens at large may get acquainted with candidates as men—momentarily out of reach of public-relations experts, speech writers, managers. But electronic blancmange is not the recipe: ABC provided an hour of prime network time for what induced an almost universal yawn.

THIS ABC exclusive was in line with the network's vigorous attempts to catch up to its elders, CBS and NBC. Both ABC and NBC were at one time subsidiaries of RCA, but several years ago the government split the ownership and ABC became independent. In the tradition of new empires, it has a five-year plan, embarked on in 1953 when the network merged with United Paramount Theatres and got new money in the bank. The first giant step was an inspired arrangement with Walt Disney that resulted in *Disneyland* and *The Mickey Mouse Club*, solid anchor programs. Another profitable step has been the use of feature-length films. President Robert E. Kintner predicts that within the two years remaining of the five-year plan, the three tv networks will be on a par. As evidence of progress he notes that gross billings for 1955 were more than 50 million dollars, as compared to 21 millions in 1953; that ABC programs reached a million more homes in October, 1955, than in October, 1954, a 43 per cent gain compared with 17 per cent for CBS and 6 per cent for NBC.

The NATION

But there is something sad about this story. It is one more proof that the way to get to the top in our climate is to beat the other fellow at his own game and in his own pattern. Television, a young industry, is already in thrall to routine. I spent a recent Wednesday evening with ABC, called to it by a captivating hour of Disney's nature-land magic. Then followed the rapid disenchantment of *Masquerade Party* (a nightmare version of *What's My Line?*), *The Amazing Dunninger* (his hand is not quicker than the camera's eye) and *Break the Bank* (even hard-working Bert Parks can't save this grandpappy of quiz shows). True, there have been some instances of creditable good taste: *Medical Horizons*, a civilized, non-sensational series; *Outside USA*, an international news show; the new intelligent and intelligible *Women Want to Know*, and *John Daly and the News*. Plans for next season include Metropolitan-produced operas, Theatre Guild "specials" (ABC word for spectaculars), an international theatre program produced in Europe; *Omnibus* is moving over from CBS.

There is little in any of this to give ABC a character of its own, but one might be tempted from some of it to think that the "third" network was fighting for high-level programming, and cheer its success. There seems to be no such plan: Kintner says, "all we're trying to do is to come out on top." If what he described "as off-beat programming" seems to be what will sell, off-beat it shall be. For a time, ABC called itself "the family network"; this was to promote the early evening shows for family group viewing. Kintner was given *Variety's* Showmanager Award this year (in itself something of a commentary) for "... building a hard-pressed network ... into a powerful competitive force with all that such competition means for viewers, advertisers and stations."

There is no doubt that ABC has come a long way, from bleak obscurity and financial crisis well into the black-ink big-league operation. It is a firm believer in filmed tv; 42 per cent of its current programs is currently on film and it plans to raise this figure to 50 per cent in the coming season. This is sound business, according to Kintner, who challenges the viewer to tell the difference, if

he is not told which show is live and which is filmed.

There is also no doubt that in a few years there will be little if any difference between the networks. A look into Kintner's background is revealing. He was a financial reporter on the *Herald Tribune*, then co-author for some years with Joseph Alsop of a successful Washington column and two bestsellers on the Washington scene. After a stint in the army, he catapulted into ABC as

TV and RADIO FORECAST

June 11 through 14

(See local papers for time and channel)

Monday, June 11

GEORGE HAS A BIRTHDAY (NBC; NBC Matinee Theatre). Eddie Cantor, after nearly half a century in show business, will play his first straight dramatic role—as a meek little elevator operator with scheming sisters.

Wednesday, June 13

THE TWISTED CROSS (NBC). If you missed this last March, the replay is a chance to see a most telling documentary on the rise and fall of Hitler's Reich.

Thursday, June 14

THE VICTOR BORGE SHOW (CBS). A one-hour comedy-music solo act which will include highlights from the recent Broadway success.

THIS is the last tv forecast until fall. Listed below are some summer replacement shows. This department will be interested in viewers' reports on summer programming, particularly of stand-in shows that may merit regular spots on the networks.

STUDIO ONE SUMMER THEATRE (CBS). Produced by Robert Herridge, pioneer of the much-admired "Studio Three," who plans to use a variety of forms—dance, opera, readings. (Monday evenings)

TOPPER (NBC). Filmed series on the urbane hero and his disappearing friends, who were originally created by Thorne Smith in the 1920s and became a staple fantasy item for admirers of fantastic staples. (Sunday evenings)

CBS CARTOON THEATRE. The stars of Paul Terry's delightful animated cartoons, plus some off-beat banter. (Wednesday evenings)

DISASTER (ABC). Documentary series recalling recent national disasters: floods in the West, the Cocoanut Grove fire, etc. A happy idea from the family network. (Sunday afternoons)

vice president in 1944, became president in 1949. It is not unexpected, if a bit disillusioning, that this man, who spent much of his life observing high finance and low politics, should use everything that he has learned in the tv game. Why did he stick with this seemingly impossible situation and bring ABC through to success? "It's tough. It's competitive. And I like competition." But the competition he has in mind is scaled to dollars, not to ideas.

CHARLIE FARRELL SHOW (CBS). One for the sociologists: examining the inhabitants of Palm Springs with the owner of the "exclusive" Racquet Club as host and guide. Network says it's a comedy series. (Monday evenings)

TWO FOR THE MONEY (CBS). Sam Levinson takes over as host, and he's wonderful. (Saturday evenings)

BOLD JOURNEY (ABC). Travelers will be interviewed and their films of distant, and if possible dangerous, places will be shown. (Monday evenings)
A. W. L.

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SYMPHONY of 96

June 9, 1956

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Would you vote for any Democrat no matter who runs with Ike?

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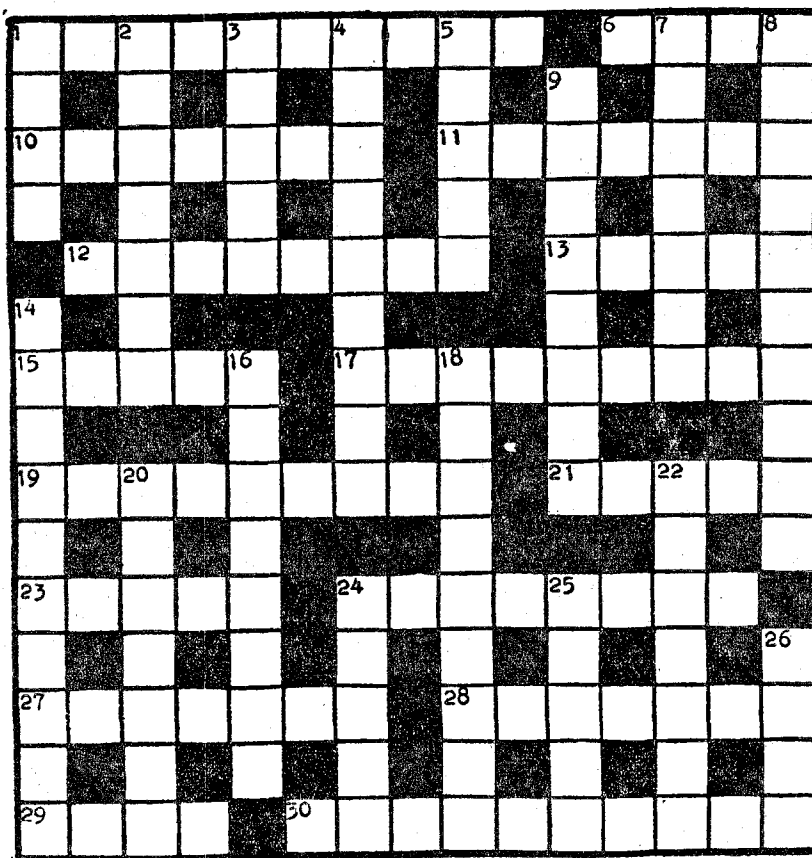
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Crossword Puzzle No. 675

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 In a pinch, O. E. might be hard to translate for most of us. (10)
- 6 Not even these might be in your favor. (4)
- 10 Suckling asked if looking ill would. (7)
- 11 Binds by favor. (7)
- 12 Father's rather dark, but can at least be tolerated. (8)
- 13 16 down, 9 down, 5 down, 20 down, 22 down Certainly no marine company, according to S.T.C. (5,5,3,3,5,5,2,1,4,4,3)
- 15 A rope spinning entertainment, perhaps. (5)
- 17 Left, usually not in the right. (9)
- 19 These matchmakers sometimes even have to supply the ring. (9)
- 21 When he's wine'd, he's easily upset. (5)
- 23 Dodgers should do it well. (5)
- 24 It probably involves songs of praise. (8)
- 27 Guzzled. (7)
- 28 Is there something gripping about a Communist? Quite the contrary, even if changed for the better. (7)
- 29 Acts like females, obviously. (4)
- 30 They should lie flat, even when pressed bad. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Seen on the radarscope, or on deck, perhaps. (4)

- 2 The way one has obligations to take a girl in, or to restrain her by fear? (7)
- 3 Comes close to being a listening device used between the sides of the Civil War, in short. (5)
- 4 The way to make graduations? (The center cannot be said to be unbalanced!) (9)
- 5 See 13 across
- 7 This should certainly have more bark than most trees. (7)
- 8 Proceeding with action, about to exhaust the process of ceasing action. (10)
- 9 See 13 across
- 14 Almost all come to 30 with the bad part removed, in a way. (10)
- 16 See 13 across
- 18 Talk back to a monk's bark! (9)
- 20 and 22 See 13 across.
- 24 Drape shape for father! (5)
- 25 Does one shove a piece on board, or just haul away? (5)
- 26 Puts together a man who might work on gum? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 674

ACROSS: 1 AXIOMATIC; 6 BUGGY; 9 TUDOR; 10 ENCOMPASS; 11 CYCLORAMA; 12 TRACE; 13 INTER; 15 RESPONDED; 18 FORETASTE; 19 SHADY; 20 ANGEL; 22 ENTRECHAT; 25 INELASTIC; 26 REEKS; 27 NONCE; 28 AMETHYSTS. DOWN: 1 ANTIC; 2 INDICATOR; 3 MARCO; 4 THESAURUS; 5 COCOA; 6 BUMPTIOUS; 7 GUAVA; 8 YESTERDAY; 13 INFLATION; 14 RETALIATE; 16 SPECTACLE; 17 DEATHLESS; 21 GREEN; 22 EXTRA; 23 EARTH; 24 TASKS.

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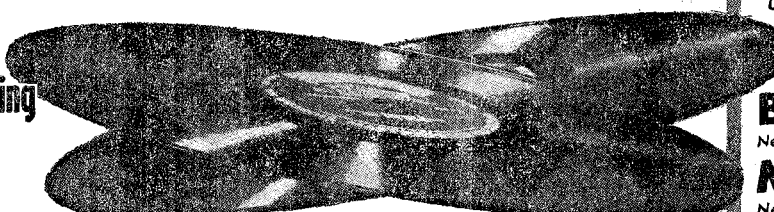
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